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First to Last—the Truth: News-Editorials—Advertisements  
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### The Work of the Session

Mr. Mondell's eulogy of the session of Congress which ended yesterday was not as discriminating as it should have been. It was pitched too much on a single note.

The country will not forget the splendid work done since March 4, 1921, in reducing inflated Federal expenditure and liquidating the left-over obligations of the war. In the fiscal year 1919-20 the expenditures were \$6,560,000,000. In the fiscal year 1920-21 they fell to \$5,538,000,000. In the last fiscal year they were cut to \$3,795,000,000. In this field Congress showed remarkable energy and diligence. It passed the budget law and put the government for the first time on a real budget basis. The fruits of its zeal and self-restraint are being reaped in sound economical readjustment.

The Senate ratified at the last session all the Washington conference treaties. Thus it recovered much ground which had been lost at Paris in 1919. The situation in the Pacific was tranquillized and a step was taken toward sane world disarmament. Generous provision was also made for the disabled soldiers.

Here are the two striking achievements to the credit of Congress. Against them are to be set a tariff act whose makers had so little confidence in the exactitude or equity of the schedules that they gave the President the power to put rates 50 per cent up or 50 per cent down. That was their own verdict on the Fordney-McCumber tariff's skill in responding to economic conditions and its ability to wear.

The attempt to pass the bonus bill was highly discreditable. Had it not been killed by the President's veto and by the remnant in the Senate who sustained that veto Mr. Mondell's jubilation over the retrenchment showing of the session would be meaningless. He and the other Republican leaders would have made ducks and drakes of the hard savings of the last couple of years. They would have thrown the country back again into the bog of unwarranted expenditure and accumulating taxes.

Congress should have its due. But it was only through the intervention of the President and a minority in the Senate that enough of a good record has survived to justify in part Mr. Mondell's overcomplacent encomiums.

### Reappointing Governor Harding

If the President is prepared to risk a fight in the Senate in order to have W. P. G. Harding, of Alabama, reappointed governor of the Federal Reserve Board he is entitled to hearty support and encouragement. Mr. Harding deserves reappointment. He guided the Federal banking system through one of the most trying periods in the financial history of the country and showed unusual ability, foresight and energy.

To permit personal or partisan reasons—the Alabama Harding is a good Democrat—to interfere with his reappointment is not only unjust to the country and to him, but means establishing the bad precedent of introducing politics into the Federal Reserve system. Such an organization is above politics and must remain so. Just as a man should not be appointed governor of the board for partisan reasons, so he should not be kept off it to satisfy the animus of politicians.

As a matter of fact much of the opposition comes from Senator Heflin and from the Senators sometimes referred to as part of the "farm bloc," who cherish the delusion that Mr. Harding's policy during the period of readjustment was aimed against their constituents. Mr. Heflin doesn't like Mr. Harding, and his ways. The "farm bloc" Senators consider his nomination in the light of a political affront.

The President may not have easy sledding. But the fight is well worth making and will make far more friends for the President than

enemies. The position of governor of the Federal Reserve Board is of such importance that it should go to the man best fitted for it by capability and experience. That man is W. P. G. Harding.

### The Fruits of Action

When it became evident that the coal strike would bring about a fuel shortage in this state Governor Miller promptly called the Legislature together and secured from it authority to appoint a fuel administrator. Because of that appointment the people of this state will pay but 35 cents more a ton for anthracite than they paid last year and there will be no coal shortage.

The Governor's prompt action saved the citizens millions of dollars in money and averted very serious hardship. This proceeding was thoroughly characteristic of Governor Miller. His idea of his duty is to do all that is within his power for the people who put him in office. He could foresee that with haphazard methods of distribution and with no state authority to curb profiteering the situation would be very grave.

Twenty years ago, when coal went to \$20 a ton, the poor, if they were able to purchase it at all, could secure it only by the bucketful, paying greedy speculators at the rate of \$40 a ton for it. Had the Governor contented himself with a few speeches against the evils of profiteering the same state of affairs would have occurred this winter. Had he attempted to get local dealers together and bring about an agreement he would have failed in his purpose.

Such are not his methods. Long experience in the practice of law and on the bench has taught him that only the power of the state can prevent greedy men from profiting by the necessities of others. He acted quickly and intelligently, and the people of New York owe to him, and to him alone, their immunity from profiteering and their absolute assurance that there will be abundant coal to keep industries in operation and to make homes habitable, however severe may be the rigors of winter weather.

### Search and the Three-Mile Limit

The Hahn-Onward incident of our coast has raised many perplexing legal questions. The Hahn is a prohibition enforcement cruiser. The Onward is a yacht suspected of being in the liquor-smuggling traffic. She flew a British flag (without the right to do so, it is now stated) when she was halted outside the three-mile limit and an attempt to board her was repulsed by her captain. The revenue cutter Seneca was subsequently sent after the Onward, but could not overtake her.

Among the questions raised are these: Has a prohibition enforcement cruiser a right to seize suspected "rum runners" outside the three-mile limit? Is the United States statute authorizing customs officers to board a merchant ship headed for an American port (constructively or actually) within a twelve-mile limit in conflict with international law? Is there a precise dead-line for customs activities intended to prevent smuggling and similar trespasses?

Great Britain passed a "hovering act" in 1736, which assumed, for revenue purposes, a jurisdiction of four leagues from the coast, by prohibiting foreign goods to be transhipped within that distance without payment of duties. Our statute, assuming similar jurisdiction, dates from March 2, 1797. It provides that officers of revenue cutters may board, search and examine merchant vessels "which arrive within the United States or within four leagues of the coast thereof, if bound for the United States."

These laws were part of the warfare of that day against smuggling. They were not intended to infringe otherwise the freedom of the seas. They were enforceable largely because no foreign government was likely to present protests against visits, and arrests when making them only facilitated the work of smugglers.

In the Federal District Court for the District of Massachusetts Judge James M. Morton sustained last Tuesday the seizure of a British schooner, Grace and Ruby, six miles off shore. The Grace and Ruby transhipped liquor into a motor boat. She was therefore doing on our coast what British law would permit her to do on the British coast. Judge Morton said:

"The line between territorial waters and the high seas is not like the boundary between us and a foreign power. There must be, it seems to me, a certain width of debatable waters adjacent to our coast. How far our authority shall be extended into them for the seizure of foreign vessels which have broken our laws is a matter for the political departments of the government, rather than for the courts, to determine."

This decision follows somewhat a decision by Chief Justice Marshall in a case in which an American vessel was seized by the Portuguese authorities four or five leagues off the mouth of the Para River in Brazil. Marshall held that the exact distance from shore was immaterial in this instance, since the Portuguese government had a right to use necessary means to protect its commerce and these means were not "limited within certain marked boundaries, which

remain the same at all times and in all situations."

This judgment has been attacked by international law authorities as "unwarranted." But it was broadly reaffirmed by William M. Everts, Secretary of State under President Hayes, himself a noted jurist. He wrote, on August 11, 1880, in a dispatch dealing with the search by Spanish officers of American vessels off the coasts of Cuba:

"Every nation has full jurisdiction of commerce with itself, until by treaty stipulation it has parted with some portion of this full control. In this jurisdiction is easily included a requirement that vessels seeking our ports, in trade, shall be subject to such visitation and inspection as the exigencies of our revenue may demand, in the judgment of this government, for the protection of the revenues and the adequate administration of the customs service. This is not dominion over the sea, where these vessels are visited, but dominion over this commerce with us, its vehicles and cargoes, even while at sea."

Here is the dubious legal basis for the claim of right of search which the Onward's captain resisted. To the contrary is the prevailing weight of opinion which holds that no valid claim of customs or any other search exists beyond the three-mile limit.

### But What Are Brains?

An upstanding, outspoken citizen is President Hopkins of Dartmouth, and what he says is always well worth attending to. When he says that too many men are going to college and that the privileges of a higher education should be restricted to an aristocracy of brains he is talking sound sense. Altogether too many boys of rich parents loaf their way through college with the aid of tutors; and while the brightest poor boys undoubtedly get their chance at a college education by working their way through with the aid of scholarships, many others not quite so smart are unable to share in a preparation for life by which they would greatly benefit. That should be the test—only those boys should go to college who can and will profit by its advantages.

But how sift the wasters from the workers? How tell at eighteen years which of two boys is best entitled to four more years of book learning? There are the old-fashioned examinations. But President Hopkins very keenly points to the danger of "confusing the symbols and the facts of intellectuality" and dismisses "mental gymnastics" and "facility in appropriating the ideas of others" as true tests of intellectuality. There are the new "general intelligence" tests with which Columbia is experimenting and which afford some inkling of mental alertness. But these hardly allow for those queer Hicks and dreamers who develop slowly enough in most matters of observation and common sense and who turn out often to be the most brilliant minds of a class, poets, inventors, what-not.

Let us have an aristocracy of brains by all means, but what are brains? Just what are the qualities to be searched for? All-round ability to make good in books, athletics and leadership might seem a fair basis for a test. But every college man will remember any number of these well-rounded souls in college days who accepted success as it came to them thus easily and never toiled hard enough to go on to real achievement afterward. The fable of the ugly duckling comes true oftener than one likes to concede. Perhaps there is something in the very lot of being queer and original, somewhat unattractive and unconventional and therefore lonely, which makes a boy strive harder and in the end pass his more engaging competitors.

The two factors of originality and leadership suggest the qualities which we have in mind and which ought to enter into any true test of real aristocracy. But examination papers that really test imagination are hard to conceive; and the qualities which may make a man a great leader further on in life are hard to isolate at eighteen. We hope President Hopkins will return to the attack. The difficulties before him are considerable, but it is a great deal to have the problem recognized and the goal staked out. The notion that more size, the number of students that can be corralled in one college, make a great institution, has been abroad in the land. Dartmouth does well to stress quality above quantity and set out in search of those true aristocrats who alone have any business in a college.

### Chicago's Experiment

Chicago, cursed like New York with automobile traffic congestion, is experimenting with a new method of relieving it. A part of Michigan Avenue is to be set apart for express automobile traffic. On it cars will be permitted to exceed by five or ten miles an hour the speed limits elsewhere imposed, provided they do not slacken their pace or stop along the way.

This will, it is believed, enable people who have no reason for hesitating in the business district to keep out of the way of the general traffic stream, and will speed up traffic generally through the city from north to south and vice versa.

Sooner or later New York will have to do something of the kind if traffic is to move at all.

The one-way street system has to some extent facilitated downtown traffic. Police rules for keeping cars moving during theater hours have been of great assistance. But there is still north-and-south congestion and will be unless streets are set apart for such traffic, with a higher speed limit, or until either an elevated viaduct or a subway is built for north-and-south traffic.

New Yorkers will watch with interest Chicago's experiment. If it is successful its adoption here may assist in solving the local problem.

### Amid Drums and Trampings

Those few faint rays of starlight that the astronomers of six nations traveled half around the world to catch on a photographic plate at the moment of the sun's eclipse seem small enough alongside news touching Kemal, Hornsby and the other heavy hitters of the hour. But wars and home runs pass and science endures. In the new history what Sir Isaac Newton said to the apple occupies more space than most famous victories.

It will be months before the astronomers can finish their examination of their photographs and determine just how much these rays were bent out of their course. The ten-thousandth part of an inch may determine whether the Einstein theory is confirmed or disproved. They were surely bent a certain amount by the sun's atmosphere. That must be calculated and allowed for. If they were bent more, then by the Einstein hypothesis the attraction of the sun's gravity pulled them askew. It is a far search after truth and the magnificent distances involved become absurdly small. But much hangs upon the results, to wit, truth, the least increment to which, wherever and by whomsoever added, looms large across the centuries than any drums and trampings.

### More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Interpretation  
I know not how the bee conveys  
The thoughts within his breast  
To other bees who go their ways  
With such laborious zest.  
I only know that when he finds  
That sugar is at hand,  
He gets a message to their minds  
They seem to understand.

Perhaps he signals with his feet;  
His feelers may impart  
To other bees that he may meet  
What he has in his heart.  
Perhaps his buzzing may reveal  
To others in the hive  
Where they may find a bounteous meal  
If they will look alive.

It's plain enough that he can speak,  
For many facts abound  
To prove he sends them forth to seek  
The flowers he has found.  
I've watched him in a vacant lot,  
I've studied him in parks,  
But I confess that I cannot  
Interpret his remarks.

But when the winging, stinging elf  
Some sunny summer day  
Has any message for myself  
I grasp it right away.  
When on my nose or chin or ear  
He nonchalantly leans,  
And gruffly says: "Get out of here!"  
I know just what he means!

Epidemic  
The weather has been unsettled lately, probably following the example of industrial conditions.

Stubborn  
Germany hasn't got any money and won't pay any of it to the Allies till she has to.

At Last  
The Democratic party is about to grant Mr. Bryan his liberty.  
(Copyright by James J. Montague)

Helpful Church News  
To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Congratulations and many thanks for the interesting and intelligent articles appearing in The Tribune on the convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at Portland, as well as for the emphasis and space being given of late to church and religious movements in general.

## The Tower

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The Turkish war gives the League of Nations something to talk about.

Aunt Prudence Hecklebury Prepares a Gift  
Aunt Prudence Hecklebury is shocked at the rumor that the former Kaiser is going to get married again. "What kind of a woman would marry him?" asks Aunt Prudence. "Why, he drinks!"

Aunt Prudence's Ideal Man is Dr. Frank Crane. She has several pictures of Dr. Crane . . . cut from the public prints, be it understood: Dr. Crane has never sent Aunt Prudence a picture which she shows to visitors.

"There he is, in one of his hard-thinking times!" says Aunt Prudence, delightedly, holding up a picture. "Can't you just sense the Thoughts and the Morality moving inside that handsome head of his? But this picture is the one I like best: it looks as if he was getting ready to speak! I can just look at those lips of his and hear him say boys shouldn't treat their mothers mean, and young girls shouldn't run off with other women's husbands, and employees shouldn't steal money from their bosses, or some of those great sayings of his!"

Dr. Crane need not be surprised if he gets a pair of wonderful slippers next Christmas, embroidered by Aunt Prudence herself, with her own loving hands. "Bedroom slippers, Aunt Prue?" we asked her.

Aunt Prudence blushed, and then became angry with us . . . the idea of her sending bedroom slippers to a man she doesn't know! Or even to a man she does know! There are times when Aunt Prudence suspects that we have a coarse mind.

The slippers will be embroidered with Texts and Sentiments from Dr. Crane's own Works, great moral thoughts in brief compass: popularizations of the Ten Commandments handled so as to offend nobody, admonitions to the wicked presented so as not to lose Circulation.

"Dr. Crane has done a great deal for the Ten Commandments," we suggested, piously. "His manner somehow adds to their solemnity."

"He has!" agreed Aunt Prudence. And as we spoke we seemed to feel a presence in the room; the presence of Dr. Crane himself.

We made a further suggestion to Aunt Prudence. "Why stop at slippers?" we said. "Why not make a dressing gown for Dr. Crane? You can embroider at least a hundred Texts and Sentiments from Dr. Crane's own Works on a dressing gown, and perhaps we who admire him can persuade him to wear it when he speaks in public."

And Aunt Prudence is going to do it. "Across the breast of it," she said, trembling with enthusiasm, "I shall embroider in red silk: LIPS THAT TOUCH LIQUOR SHALL NEVER TOUCH MINE."

We demurred. "Is it true," we asked, "that Dr. Crane, like W. J. Bryan, has never taken a drop of alcoholic liquor in his life?"

"Oh, yes! Yes! Of course!" said Aunt Prudence. But we have never seen a statement to that effect in Dr. Crane's articles, and before encouraging her to put that line on the dressing gown we shall wait for such a statement. Perhaps, after all, he will not care to make that statement directly. Great Publicists, Great Prohibitionists, are sometimes afflicted with strange hesitations in these matters.

We are going to look up for Aunt Prudence forty or fifty Texts and Sentiments from his Works to go on Dr. Crane's Dressing Gown.

We hope that Dr. Crane will accept Aunt Prudence's Slippers and Dressing Gown in the spirit in which they are offered, and gratify his admirers by wearing them in public places. To us Aunt Prudence's thought for him is dear and sweet and touching and reverent; too, and a touch of impatience on his part would well-nigh break her tender heart.

The mottoes, selected by Aunt Prudence and ourselves, will appear from time to time during the next two or three years.

## WE WON'T GET VERY FAR UNLESS WE UNTIE THE LEAD TEAM

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### Oddments and Remainders

By Percy Hammond

MR. GEST not long ago invited me to participate a little in the night life of the Russians in the Chauve-Souris. They have jolly times, he said, as they drap the late hours with enjoyment's crimson curtains. See them, he bade me, after their evening's act is over and relaxation is at hand. The sententious, stolid Balfieff at play, surrounded by his adoring vassals! Interesting, talented Muscovites, frisking blithely in a New York cafe! Russian songs and dancing, guises about Chekov, Karlovina, Rachmaninoff, the Kopek and Maxim Gorky. The revels were said to take place in an obscure establishment called "The Blue Mill," hard by the Century Roof in Central Park West.

Well, "The Blue Mill" is among the most commonplace of the mid-uptown ice cream and soda water parlors, specializing in nut sundaes and root beer. All of the forty-two colorful goliathes of the Chauve-Souris were present on the night that I joined them, and they were eagerly discussing famine, nakedness, bloodshed, destitution and the cruelty of the Soviets. The evening was a particularly gay one. Miss Fechter, a pretty dancer, after months of searching, had found her father and mother starving and in rags in a Bessarabian hamlet so remote that it was unknown to her and the maps. "What," said I to her vivaciously, "right in your indictment but because you are wrong. Mr. Woods excels in letter writing. I have had a great deal of correspondence with the literate producers of Broadway drama, would discover the whereabouts of her

parents. "This is the life," said she, raising her glass to Mr. Gest. "In three weeks they will have food and clothing." Mr. Gest, the fanatic Russophile, had a fountain pen, and Miss Fechter produced from beneath her benevolent garb many blank Hoover certificates.

"Tell me," said I to Mr. Balfieff, "something about the home life of Pavlova? Is Rimsky-Korsakoff, I asked, 'all that gossip says about him; and who was the father of Olga's second child—Mordkin, Maeterlinck or George Moore?" Mr. Balfieff answered, as he summoned another vanilla pekee, that the forty-two members of his Chauve-Souris support more than a thousand of his hopeless countrymen in Russia. "I see them," he said, "their bony arms outstretched to this strange, happy roof-theater; celestial miracle wrought by Morris Gest." "How did they kill your brother?" asks one pretty comedienne of another. "Did they shoot him or cut his throat?" But Mr. Gest and I are on our way ere the answer is forthcoming. "I wanted to show you," says he, sardonically, "the Russians at play."

It is a pleasure to be unjust to Mr. A. H. Woods. He likes to be lied about; and vilification in the newspapers is one of his best recreations. Accuse him in the public prints of lubricity or salaciousness and you are endeared to him, not because you are right in your indictment but because you are wrong. Mr. Woods excels in letter writing. I have had a great deal of correspondence with the literate producers of Broadway drama, but none so satisfactory as the notes

## What Readers Are Thinking

Answering Library Critics

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: Mr. James F. Morton Jr., whose letter in The Tribune, September 20, headed "Branch Library Shortcomings," is perfectly correct as to shortage in the book stock, seems to be unaware of two important features of the library's work. He suggests "a single cumulative card" index, supplementary to the separate indexes in each branch library." Such an index, called the Union Catalogue, has been in existence since the library consolidation, and is consulted by many readers daily in Room 100 of the Central Building. Mr. Morton cannot mean to suggest that this immense catalogue should be duplicated in each branch library. The mere space which it would require, to say nothing of the enormous expense, would forbid that.

It is not necessary, as Mr. Morton seems to think, to make a "personal search" through the branches for a book, nor to ask the branch librarian to inquire "among all the other branches of the city." A clearing house for such inquiries, called the Inter-branch Loan Office, in the Central Building, attends to this. The same conditions—lack of an adequate book stock and adequate facilities—hamper this service, but last year this office received over 90,000 requests for loans between the branches and filled 68,760 of them. A request for this service may be made at any branch.

Another letter to The Tribune recently, said that one remedy for book

### Employers and Their Men

To the Editor of The Tribune.  
Sir: I must tell you that one of your readers (I hope more than one) was greatly impressed by the letter from Samuel S. Keyser, "A Field for Social Workers." It struck the right note. It would be of great help if suggestion could be carried out, is, of a social worker who could be about some sort of personal relation between employers and their men. There seems to be such a total lack of sympathy between the two, no wonder there are misunderstandings on both sides.

To me it is inconceivable that a man of wealth, employing large numbers of his fellow beings, should not see to it from the start that they are properly and comfortably housed and cared for. —nay, more, that their homes are made attractive, and that these laborers, whose faithful work brings wealth to their employers, are kept contented and happy.

Nothing short of personal interest and supervision on the part of employers can achieve this result, but it is an impossibility! I will not admit that it is. Indeed, I know of many instances (only a few, I must admit) where there seems to be sympathy and understanding between employers and employees, where the owners are grasping and where there are no strikes. I suppose this sounds like heaven on earth—but why not?

A CONSTANT OBSERVER  
New York, Sept. 20, 1922.